

Hapenny Magick, The Musical



Based on the book Hapenny Magick,
by Jennifer Carson

Script Adapted by Jennifer Carson

Music and Lyrics by William Ogmundson
and Aaron Carson

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SAMPLE ONLY

Hapenny Magick—Cast

Young Hapenny Girl	A Hapenny
Tween Hapenny Girl	A Hapenny
Maewyn Bridgepost	A Hapenny
Serena Bridgepost	Maewyn's Mother
Narrator	Hapenny Villager
Gelbane	A Troll in Disguise as a Hapenny, Maewyn's Guardian
Leif	Mae's best friend, Hapenny
Reed	Leif's little brother, Hapenny
Callum	Wizard
Aletta	Wizard
Aletta as a Pig	Pig
Remy/Remington Gythal	Raven/Wizard
Taurek	Troll (female)
Nord	Troll (male)
Mr. Burrbridge	Leif's Dad (villager)
Mr. Whiteknoll	Village tailor
River Weed Starr	A Giant
Mr. Underhill	Hapenny Villager
Widow Bridgepath	Hapenny Villager
A little Pig	Pig (can be a puppet or child)
Louisliu	A tree
Raven Guardian North	A large raven
Raven Guardian South	A large raven
Raven Guardian East	A large raven
Raven Guardian West	A large raven
Toadstool 1	
Toadstool 2	
Toadstool 3	

Ensemble—additional cast needed for trolls and villagers, especially for the battle scene and village party.

Settings:

Maewyn's Farm House
The barn
The Wizard's house
Forest
Bridge

Act one, Scene one

Setting:

Village/Maewyn's Farm House, morning

At rise:

It is an idyllic village scene during the beginning of the opening song, which deteriorates as the song progresses.

Another Hapenny Morning

MAEWYN (6): A ROOSTER CROWS
A WARM WIND BLOWS
GENTLY THROUGH YOUR WINDOW
A BABY CRIES
YOU RUB YOUR EYES
ANOTHER DAY BEGINS
SO YOU ROLL OUT OF BED
SERENA: TIME TO RISE AND SHINE YOU SLEEPYHEAD
DON'T WANT TO MISS ANOTHER
HAPENNY MORNING

VILLAGER: WHERE JOYS ABOUND AND CARES ARE FEW
MAEWYN(6): ANOTHER HAPENNY MORNING
VILLAGER: HAPENNY MORNING
VILLAGER: I THINK IT'S LOVELY, WOULDN'T YOU?
VILLAGER: THERE ARE THOUGHTS TO THINK
REED: TOY SHIPS TO SINK
VILLAGERS: AND LOTS OF ICE COLD BEER TO DRINK!
MAEWYN(6): ON A TYPICAL, EVERYDAY, HAPENNY MORNING

NARRATOR: The village where Maewyn and her mother live is called the Wedge. It is a slice of happiness at the edge of a swiftly moving river. The river and the enchanted bridge that crosses it are the only things that protect the village from the trolls that live in the forest.

The magical protections on the bridge were put in place by a wizard named Remington Gythal after the Great Troll Invasion. Hapennies from other villages fled to the Wedge. Maewyn's mother, Serena Bridgepost, was kind enough to take one of them in but soon after, Serena left the Wedge.

ENSEMBLE: ANOTHER HAPENNY MORNING, HAPENNY MORNING
MAEWYN (10): I'M LIKE A SLAVE IN MY OWN HOUSE
ENSEMBLE: ANOTHER HAPENNY MORNING, HAPENNY MORNING
MAEWYN(10): I KNOW IT'S TEDIOUS TO GROUSE
BUT THERE'S GRASS TO SEED
CHICKENS TO FEED
AND A GREAT GIGANTIC GARDEN TO WEED
ENSEMBLE: ON A TYPICAL, EVERYDAY, HAPENNY MORNING, HAPENNY MORNING

VILLAGER: WHERE EVERY NEIGHBOR IS A FRIEND

ENSEMBLE: ANOTHER HAPENNY MORNING, HAPENNY MORNING
MAEWYN(10): MY CHORES ARE NEVER AT AN END
VILLAGER: THERE'S A PARTY ROUND THE BEND!
VILLAGER: I JUST BAKED SOME SCONES FOR EATING
MAEWYN(10): I HOPE I DON'T GET A BEATING
ENSEMBLE: ON A TYPICAL, EVERYDAY, HAPENNY MORNING

NARRATOR: (*actors should pantomime scene*) After Maewyn's mother left, Gelbane, the Hapenny her mother had taken in, became her guardian. And oh, she worked Maewyn's fingers to the bone! Cooking, cleaning, slopping the pigs. The chores never ended! The only bright spot in Maewyn's life were the occasional letters she received from her mother, and visits from her best friend, Leif. But—there was something wrong on the Bridgepost farm. Maewyn wakes with knots in her hair, pumpkins grow with Jack-o-lantern faces, and the hens lay purple eggs!

But the most terrible thing of all—there's been another disappearance. You see, Mother Underknoll took her newlyborn for a stroll the other day and she never came back.

MAEWYN(13): ANOTHER HAPENNY MORNING
PERHAPS THE SKIES WILL FINALLY CLEAR
ANOTHER HAPENNY MORNING
WHEN I NO LONGER LIVE IN FEAR
I'LL CAST A CHARM
TO TAKE BACK THE FARM
AND MOTHER WILL HOLD ME IN HER ARMS
AND I'LL GET MY WELL-EARNED REPRIEVE
WHEN WE TELL GELBANE TO UP AND LEAVE (*BEAT*)
ON A TYPICAL, EVERYDAY,
ENSEMBLE: TYPICAL EVERYDAY
MAEWYN: PERFECT IN EVERY WAY

GROUP ONE: HAPENNY MORNING
GROUP TWO: HAPENNY MORNING
GROUP ONE: WHEN ALL OUR TROUBLE'S IN THE PAST
ANOTHER HAPENNY MORNING
GROUP TWO: HAPENNY MORNING
GROUP ONE: WHEN ALL THE WEDGE IS SAFE AT LAST
WE'LL REVEL AGAIN DAY OF YORE
GROUP 2: AND HOPE THAT WE SEE MANY MORE
ENSEMBLE: OF THOSE TYPICAL EVERYDAY HAPENNY MORNINGS
ANOTHER HAPENNY MORNING
MAEWYN: ANOTHER HAPENNY MORNING

The squeal of pigs is heard offstage. Maewyn drops her egg basket and rushes to catch the pigs but is confronted by Gelbane.

GELBANE: You little twit! How many times have I taught you how to tie the gate shut proper-like?

MAEWYN: More times that a cow chews its cud ma'am.

A large sow enters and begins to nibble at the flowers. She wears a pink kerchief on her head and reacts to the conversation.

GELBANE: Then why do we have pigs trampling the yard again? That's the third time this week! (*Mae lowers her head and draws with her toes in the mud.*) Speak up!

MAEWYN: I'm sorry, ma'am. I tied the gate shut before slopping the pigs like you taught me—

GELBANE: If you'd have done what I taught you we'd be eating breakfast by now! (*Maewyn suddenly remembers the purple egg in the basket and hopes Gelbane doesn't see it.*) Out of the kindness of my heart I took you in when your ma took off. I've treated you like my own kin for six long years because your mother was so sweet in my time of need. But you've caused me nothing but grief! Odd you are. Too small and twitchy. Even for a hapenny. (*Maewyn sniffles and runs her sleeve under her nose*) You'll have no breakfast, and no mid-morning bite. I don't care if you starve until midnight-nibble. Nothing, until you catch all those pigs.

MAEWYN: Yes ma'am. (*Gelbane storms off. Maewyn picks up the purple egg, thinks about throwing it at Gelbane's head, then thinks better of it.*) I'm always getting into trouble for things that aren't my fault!

Something is Wrong

VILLAGER 1: SOMETHING IS WRONG AT THE BRIDGEPOST HOUSE

VILLAGER 2: SOMETHING IS WRONG AT THE BRIDGEPOST HOUSE

VILLAGER 3: SOMETHING IS WRONG AT THE BRIDGEPOST HOUSE

VILLAGER 4: SOMETHING IS WRONG

ENSEMBLE: SOMETHING IS WRONG AT THE BRIDGEPOST HOUSE

SOMETHING IS NOT QUITE RIGHT

GELBANE RAVES WHILE MAEWYN BLAMES HER ALL DAY AND NIGHT

WHO CAN RELIEVE HER PLIGHT!

NARRATOR: Yes, Maewyn was always getting into trouble. But with a guardian like Gelbane, there was no avoiding it. Life would be no different if Maewyn's mother would just come back. Her home would be tidy, the floor swept, the spider webs kept to the too-high corners. Furniture would shine with polish and the hearth would never go cold. The lacy curtains on the windows wouldn't be tatty or covered in faerie dust. And Mae wouldn't have to hide things away to keep them safe.

Something is Wrong Part 2

VILLAGER 1: SOMETHING IS WRONG AT THE BRIDGEPOST HOUSE

VILLAGER 2: SOMETHING IS WRONG AT THE BRIDGEPOST HOUSE

VILLAGER 3: SOMETHING IS WRONG AT THE BRIDGEPOST HOUSE

VILLAGER 4: SOMETHING IS WRONG ENSEMBLE: SOMETHING IS WRONG AT THE BRIDGEPOST HOUSE

SOMETHING HAS GONE AWRY

ALL THAT BANGING, CLATTERING CLANGING

EVEN PERHAPS A CRY?

WHO WILL INVESTIGATE?

NOT I!

SOLO: IT'S IMPOLITE TO PRY

MAEWYN: *(wipes her hands on her apron and pulls out her round flute from her apron pocket)* Only one way to catch all those pigs. *(begins to play a fast tune as Leif enters)*

LEIF: *(tapping Mae on shoulder)* Looks like those piglets are going to lead you on a merry chase!

MAEWYN: *(stops playing)* Oh, Leif! You scared me!

LEIF: I can catch them for you...if you want me too.

MAEWYN: Thank you, but I can catch them. I don't want you getting into trouble too.

LEIF: You're already in trouble this morning?

MAEWYN: *(showing the purple egg to Leif)* A purple egg! What's wrong with that hen?

LEIF: *(laughing)* Strange things happen at your house.

MAEWYN: Well, they've been happening a lot more lately and it's making Gelbane even crankier than usual. *(Mae strolls away from Leif)* You know what strange things usually mean, right? A wizard must be in the Wedge.

LEIF: Oh, troll dung! No wizards have been in the village since the Great Protector, Remington Gythal. *(beat)* What did Gelbane say about the purple egg?

MAEWYN: She didn't notice the egg because the pigs escaped from the pen.

LEIF: That's the third time this week!

MAEWYN: That's what she said. *(beat)* Have they found Mother Underknoll yet?

LEIF: No sign of her. I don't understand why she would leave the Wedge.

MAEWYN: Perhaps she didn't leave—

GELBANE: *(screeching from house)* I need my breakfast!

MAEWYN: I have to go.

LEIF: *(grabs Mae's arm)* Wait! I made something for you. *(hands her a small wood carving of a raven)*

MAEWYN: *(looking at carving)* He's magnificent! Look at his eyes—it's almost like he could come alive right here in my hand.

LEIF: *(bashful, kisses Mae on the cheek)* I'm glad you like it. *(runs off)* See you later, Mae! *(Mae stands for a beat with her hand on her cheek)*

GELBANE: My breakfast...NOW! *(Mae pockets carving and scampers offstage. The pig follows her.)*

curtain closes

Act one, Scene two

Setting: the barn, at night. There is an open “window” where MAEWYN can see the night sky. A LITTLE PIG is snuggled next to her.

NARRATOR: Window washing, floor scrubbing, stall mucking, sock darning—the work was never ending! And then, after all that, Gelbane made Maewyn choose between supper and the letter from her mother that arrived in the post that day and gave her a beating for good measure!

A little pig snuffles and snorts, snuggling close to Maewyn.

MAEWYN: I’m glad to be snuggling with you, too, pig-pig. At least you don’t snore. *(pulls letter from pocket)* Do you want me to read the letter from mother? *(Pig nods yes)* My Dearest One. I dream of you at night, and your father, who I am still searching for. The search has been increasing my fear, but I will not give up, as I hope you will not give up on me returning to you. Be good for Gelbane, do as you are bid. You must be getting so grown up now. Until I find the time to write again, your mother.

If Wishes were Magick

MAEWYN: IF WISHES WERE MAGICK
IF DREAMS ALL CAME TRUE
IF MOTHERS NEVER WENT AWAY
AND THE SKY WAS ALWAYS BLUE
WOULDN’T THAT BE WONDERFUL?
WOULDN’T THAT BE WONDERFUL

IF WISHES WERE MAGICK
I’D HAVE NO CAUSE TO CRY
IF GUARDIANS WERE KIND AND SWEET
WELL MAYBE PIGS WILL FLY
BUT WOULDN’T THAT BE WONDERFUL?
WOULDN’T THAT BE WONDERFUL

ONE FINE DAY
I’M GOING TO RUN AWAY
FAR FROM THE PILES OF CHORES THAT I ABHORE
FROM ALL THE BEATINGS AND MISTREATINGS
WHY ON EARTH WOULD ANYBODY STAY?

IF WISHES WERE MAGICK
I’D PLANT MY FEET RIGHT HERE
I’D WAVE A MAGICK WAND
AND MAKE OLD GELBANE DISAPPEAR
WOULDN’T IT BE WONDERFUL?
OH, SO VERY WONDERFUL

I’D WISH THAT LEIF AND I COULD PLAY TOGETHER EVERY DAY
AND MOTHER WOULD COME HOME AGAIN AND NEVER GO AWAY...

BUT WISHES AREN'T MAGICK
DREAMS SELDOM COME TRUE
LIFE IS NOT A FAIRY TALE
THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO
BUT HOPE FOR SOMETHING WONDERFUL
SOMETHING WONDERFUL

A raven flies in through the window and settles on the hay pile or rafter

MAEWYN: *(to the bird)* Oh, hello.

REMY: Hello, Maewyn!

MAEWYN: *(frightened)* You can talk? *(raven hops toward the barn door)*

REMY: Come, Maewyn!

MAEWYN: Come?

REMY: Come! *(Maewyn weighs her options, looks hesitant, looks at pig, pig nods yes.)*

MAEWYN: *(to pig)* I'll be back in two flicks of a goat's ear! *(She runs after the bird)*

curtain closes

Act one, Scene three

Setting: Forest, night

NARRATOR: *(in front of curtain, actors should pantomime)* So Maewyn followed the bird, hesitating when she reached the bridge that marked the end of the Wedge. She was safe in the Wedge—safe from trolls—those hairy, drooping beasts that liked to eat hapennies.

REMY: Come, Maewyn!

NARRATOR: She gathered up her skirts and her courage and flew after the bird in the forest. Bright eyes peered at her over swells in the land. She scurried over fallen trees and sprinted across meadows glittering with dew. She stumbled over trees roots and snagged her apron on budding raspberry bushes. Then she found herself near a babbling creek. She knelt to drink from the water and lifting her head to wipe the dribbles from her chin she saw a path that led to a cozy cabin nestled deep within a grove of oak trees.

(Curtain rises revealing wizard's cottage. Bird flies to Wizard who is seen through the open cottage door.)

CALLUM: *(to raven)* Where have you been my friend?

REMY: Maewyn. Come, Maewyn! *(hesitantly Mae approaches the wizard)*

MAEWYN: Please, sir. I have walked all night. That bird led me here. (*Wizard chuckles and Mae is embarrassed. She starts to leave feeling crushed.*)

CALLUM: Maewyn! (*Mae continues to walk away*) Maewyn, come back. I wasn't laughing at you. I forgot hapennies always take things so close to heart. I was just...well, I wasn't expecting a hap—well, just wasn't expecting you. That's all. (*holds out hand*) It's nice to meet you.

MAEWYN: (*shakes wizard's hand*) Are you the Protector of the Wedge?

CALLUM: Some call me that.

MAEWYN: What do the others call you?

CALLUM: (*chuckling softly*) Callum. The others call me Callum, and so can you. Are you hungry? (*Mae nods enthusiastically*) Hold out your hand. (*Callum sweeps a few kernels of grain from the worktable into his hand and places them in Mae's. She gives him a questioning look.*)

MAEWYN: Do you eat them?

CALLUM: No, no! (*holding end of beard up like a wand*) A sweet need loaf is the prize. Grains of flour quickly rise! (*the kernels become a small loaf of bread—which Maewyn stares at in disbelief*) Go on! Eat it!

Maewyn scarfs down the bread.

CALLUM: How is it?

MAEWYN: The best thing I've ever tasted!

CALLUM: Well, food is kind of my specialty. I take it your life with Gelbane isn't very sweet?

MAEWYN: How do you know about Gelbane?

CALLUM: I know she's been your guardian since your mother left, hasn't she?

MAEWYN: Yes.

CALLUM: And she treats you like a servant in your own home.

MAEWYN: She was kind enough to take me in—

CALLUM: Hogwash! We both know she is anything but kind. (*Maewyn begins to cry. Callum tries to comfort her*) I know about the wonderful things that happen around you, Maewyn.

MAEWYN: (*sniffling*) What do you mean?

CALLUM: Flowers blooming in the winter, hens laying purple eggs—

MAEWYN: Waking up with my hair in knots, gates coming unlatched! I don't think these things are so wonderful.

CALLUM: Magick can be wonderful, Maewyn, if you learn how to use it. You could be the next Great Protector of the Wedge!

MAEWYN: That's ridiculous! A wizard has to protect the Wedge. Besides, I'm too small.

CALLUM: Too small?

MAEWYN: I'm the smallest Hapenny in the Wedge!

CALLUM: Wizards show up where they are most needed despite what size, color or species they are.
(The door creaks open and in walks PIG. Mae rushes toward her)

MAEWYN: Oh, Pig-pig! I got into lots of trouble because of you!

CALLUM: *(closing door behind PIG)* Aletta, there you are.

MAEWYN: Aletta? You know this pig? *(suddenly a magickal transformation takes place and PIG turns into the Wizardess, Aletta)*

ALETTA: *(stretching)* That is the last time I spend two weeks as a pig. SNORT! *(Aletta covers her mouth with her hands and blushes)* Oh, excuse me! Side effect, you know. *(Callum gently closes Mae's mouth with a finger under her chin while Aletta dishes up a bowlful of soup and slurps it down without a spoon.)*

MAEWYN: *(pointing to Aletta)* Can all wizards do that?

CALLUM: *(shaking his head)* You should always use utensils.

MAEWYN: *(giggling)* No, will I be able to change myself into a pig?

CALLUM and ALETTA: *(in unison)* Why would you want to? *(Aletta looks offended)*

Hybilia Frodliker

(“fro” as in “afro”, “liker” as in “lick”-“er”)

ALETTA:
THERE ARE MANY KINDS OF WITCHES
IN THE WORLD BEYOND THE WEDGE
SOME FLY HIGH THROUGH CHOPPY SKIES

CALLUM:
WHILE OTHERS CHOP UP VEGE...TABLES

ALETTA:
SOME HAVE SKILLS THAT BORDER ON DIVINE

CALLUM:
THEY CAN TURN INTO A SWAN

ALETTA:
OR MAYBE A SWINE

SOME CAN MELT A GLACIER

MAEWYN:
SOME CAN FREEZE YOU WITH A LOOK

ALETTA:
WHILE OTHERS MAKE YOU WRIGGLE
LIKE A WORM UPON A HOOK
SOME GLEAN PRICELESS KNOWLEDGE OUT OF OLD FORGOTTEN BOOKS

MAEWYN:
BUT THIS ONE?

ALETTA:
THIS ONE...COOKS!

CALLUM: *(SPOKEN)* I'M...ER, I'M...I'M WHAT YOU WOULD CALL A HYBILIA FRODLIKER.

ALETTA: *(SPOKEN)* A KITCHEN WITCH!
IT'S A VERY RARE THING FOR A MAN TO BE

CALLUM:
A HYBILIA FRODLIKER

ALETTA:
SO SKILLED IN DOMESTICITY

MAEWYN:
HYBILIA FRODLIKER

CALLUM:
FOOD, YOU SEE, IS MY SPECIALTY
THOUGH EVERYBODY MAKES FUN OF ME

ALETTA:
IT FITS HIM TO A "T"

CALLUM:
AND YET I DREAM
THAT I'M A KNIGHT IN SHINGING ARMOR
OR THE CAPTAIN OF A SHIP
ABOUT TO SAIL ACROSS THE SEA
AND I DREAM
THAT I AM BOLD AND BRAVE AND HANDSOME
TELL ME WHY ON EARTH IS IT MY DESTINY
TO BE...
A HYBILIA FRODLIKER

(dance break—where Callum show off his skills)

YET STILL I DREAM

THAT I'M A FEARLESS MERCENARY
WITH A CHEST THAT'S OH SO HAIRY
FOR IT'S HARD TO FIND SERENITY
WHEN YOU DOUBT YOUR MASCULINITY...

ALETTA:
(vamping) OH, YES IT IS...

MAEWYN AND ALETTA:
BUT IT'S A VERY FINE THING FOR A MAN TO BE

CALLUM:
HYBILIA FRODLIKER *(reluctantly)*

MAEWYN AND ALETTA:
SO SKILLED IN DOMESTICITY

MAEWYN:
HYBILIA FRODLIKER *(with growing confidence)*

MAEWYN AND ALETTA:
LIFE IS EXTRAORDINARY

ALETTA:
WHEN YOUR STRENGTHS ARE CULINARY

CALLUM:
AND IT'S MY CROSS TO CARRY
SO I MIGHT AS WELL BE MERRY

CALLUM, MAEWYN AND ALETTA:
HERE'S TO OUR HYBILIA FRODLIKER!

MAEWYN: *(spoken)* You should probably come up with a different name.

CALLUM: Hybil Frodliker is a fine title.

MAEWYN: When I play my flute the pigs gather! Is that magick?

ALETTA: Are you daft? Of course it's magick!

CALLUM: We'll start to explore your abilities tomorrow, after a good night's sleep. You can have the small room down the hall.

MAEWYN: What? Stay with you?

ALETTA: Of course! No more cooking and cleaning for that nasty Gelbane.

MAEWYN: Never have to go back? *(she sticks her hand in her pocket, realizes she is missing her flute, frantically searches her pocket)* I have to go back!

CALLUM: Dear child, you never have to go back.

MAEWYN: You don't understand! I must have dropped my mother's flute in the barn.

ALETTA: It's getting late. I can go back and get it for you.

MAEWYN: *(forcefully)* No! I can't stay here. What if Mother comes back and I'm not there?

CALLUM: Your mother has been gone for six years. She isn't coming back.

MAEWYN: Yes, she is! Every letter I've even gotten from her says she is! To not give up!

CALLUM: You receive letters from your mother?

MAEWYN: Every once in a while a letter shows up on the doorstep. It's like Mommy sends them exactly when I need a boost of hope to keep me going.

ALETTA: *(sighing)* She's not ready, Callum. Remy was wrong.

CALLUM: Remy is never wrong. *(to Maewyn)* If you let your magick go untamed, it will likely leave you and choose another. Do you understand?

MAEWYN: You mean I would lose my magick?

CALLUM: Magick wants to have a master, but I will not force my own desires upon you. You, alone, must make the decision to stay here or return to the Wedge and wait for someone who, in my opinion, will never return. *(Callum turns away from her and sits in his chair)*

ALETTA: Are you ready?

MAEWYN: *(nods)* Thank you, sir.

CALLUM: *(without turning)* No thanks are necessary.

Curtain

Act Two, Scene One

Setting: barn, just before dawn

Maewyn runs into the barn, Aletta behind her. She roots in the hay, finds her flute and relaxes. Aletta stands by the door.

MAEWYN: *(pointing to sky)* Look! A falling star.

ALETTA: Quick! Make a wish!

(Maewyn makes silent wish)

MAEWYN: What do you do Aletta, when you're troubled with wishes?

ALETTA: I spend a couple of days as a pig. There's no better remedy than to see the world through someone else's eyes.

MAEWYN: You should go, before Gelbane wakes. *(Maewyn yawns and lays down)*

ALETTA: Are you sure this is what you want?

MAEWYN: The farm has always been my home.

ALETTA: If you change your mind, just whisper your wish to the forest.

MAEWYN: Goodbye, Aletta. *(she falls asleep)*

If Wishes were Magick (reprise)

ALETTA:

IF WISHES WERE MAGICK
I'D TAKE HER HOME WITH ME
THE GIFTS INSIDE SHE TRIES TO HIDE
COULD FINALLY BE SET FREE
WOULDN'T THAT BE WONDERFUL?
WOULDN'T THAT BE WONDERFUL?

IF WISHES WERE MAGICK
PERHAPS SHE'D FINALLY SEE
THE POWER IN HER LITTLE HANDS
COULD ALTER DESTINY
WOULDN'T THAT BE WONDERFUL?
WOULDN'T THAT BE WONDERFUL...

Aletta leaves as lights rise and Gelbane enters the barn

GELBANE: *(carries chains/iron cuffs in her hands, the rattling wakes Maewyn)* You think you can sneak out in the middle of the night without me noticing do you?

MAEWYN: Wh- what do you mean?

GELBANE: I warned you before. Now you'll understand the consequences. *(slaps chains/cuffs on Mae's ankles)* I'd like to see you run away with those on. Now get in the house and make my breakfast. *(Maewyn makes her way into the house and starts to prepare breakfast as Gelbane sings)*

Gelbane's Lament

GELBANE: SIX LONG YEARS
STUCK HERE
TOO PERFECT AND CLEANLY
TWITCHY NOSES
TWITCHY EARS
AND ALWAYS TOO FRIENDLY
NOW I'VE BEEN HERE SO LONG I CAN'T BEAR TO PROLONG

Another Hapenny Morning

Music and lyrics by Will Ögmundson

Gentle ♩ = 60

MAEWYN (AGE 6):

Voice

warmly A roost-er crows A warm__ wind blows

Piano

p *8va*

5

Voice

gent - ly through your win - dow A ba-by cries You rub__ your eyes__ An

Pno.

9

Voice

oth-er day__ be - ans you__ roll out__ of__ bed Time to

Pno.

13

Voice

rise and shine you sleep - y__head Don't want to miss an oth - er__ Ha-pen-ny morn

Pno.

p

17

MAE:

Voice

An-oth-er Ha-pen-ny morn

:VILLAGER

Voice

- ing_ Where joys a- bound_ and cares are few

Pno.

21

:VILLAGER

Voice

- ing_ I think it's love-ly would-n't you?_

:VILLAGER

Voice

Ha-pen-ny morn - ing_

VILLAGER:

Voice

There are

Pno.

25

REED:

Voice

Toy ships to sink

MAE:

Voice

On a

VILLAGERS:

Voice

thoughts to think And lots of ice_ cold ci - der to drink!

Pno.

29

Voice

typ-i-cal eve - ry-day Ha-pen-ny morn - ing

Pno.

p

NARRATOR: "The village where Maewyn and her mother live is called the Wedge. It is a slice of happiness at the edge of a swiftly moving river. The river and the enchanted bridge that crosses it are the only things that protect the village from the trolls that live in the forest.

34

Voice

Pno.

NARRATOR: (*continued*): "The magical protection on the bridge were put in place by a wizard named Remington Gythal after the Great Troll Invasion. Hapennies from other villages fled to the Wedge. Maewyn's mother, Serena Bridgepost, was kind enough to take one of them in but soon after, Serena left the Wedge.

39

Voice

Pno.

44

Voice

:GROUP TWO

Ha-pen-ny morn - ing

Voice

:GROUP ONE

An-oth-er Ha-pen-ny morn - ing

MAEWYN
:(10 YEARS OLD)

I'm like a slave in my own house

Pno.

mp

48

Voice :GROUP TWO
Ha-pen-ny morn - ing_

Voice :GROUP ONE :MAEWYN
An-oth-er Ha-pen-ny morn - ing_ I know it's te-di - ous_ to

Pno.

52

Voice
grouse, but there's grass to seed_ Chick-ens to feed_ And a great gi gan - tic gar-

Pno.

56

Voice :GROUP TWO
Ha-pen-ny morn-

Voice :GROUP 1
dent to weed. On a typ-i-cal eve - ry-day Ha-pen-ny morn - ing_

Pno. *mf*

60

Voice :GROUP TWO
ing_ Ha-pen-ny morn

Voice :VILLAGER :GROUP ONE
Where eve-ry neigh - bor is a friend An-oth-er Ha-pen-ny morn - ing_

Pno.

64

Voice :VILLAGER
ing_ There's a par-ty 'round the bend!

Voice :MAEWYN :VILLAGER
My chores are nev-er at an end I just baked some

Pno.

68

Voice :MAEWYN
I hope I don't get a beat-ing...

Voice :GROUP 1
scones for eat - ing On a typ-i-cal eve - ry-day

Pno.

72

Voice

Ha-pen-ny morn - ing

Fl.

mp

Pno.

p

pp



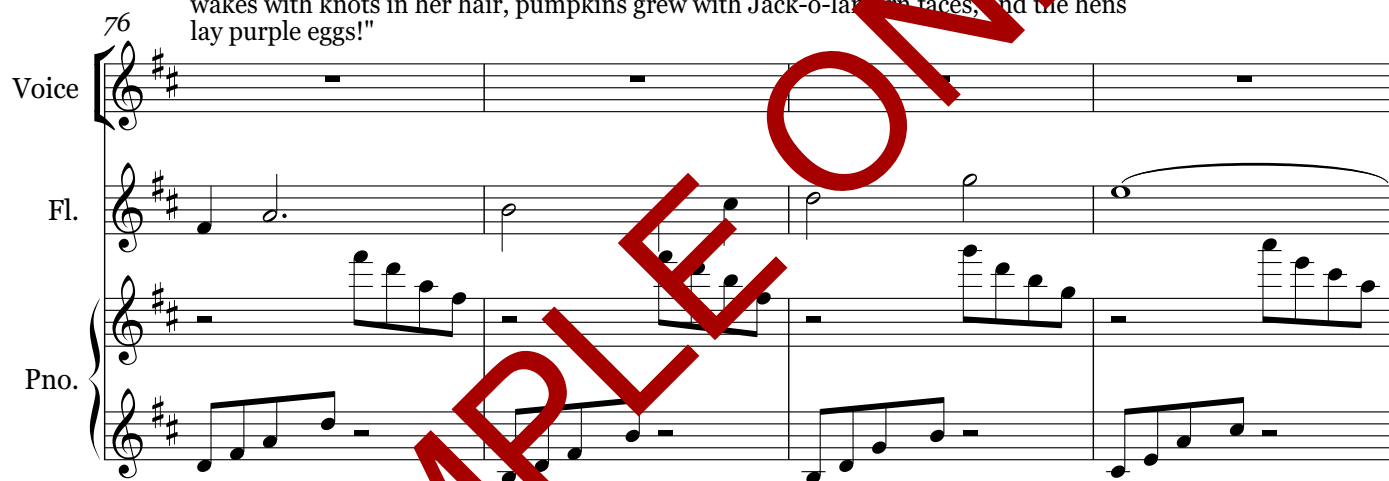
NARRATOR: "After Maewyn's mother left, Gelbane, the Hapenny her mother had taken in, became her guardian. And oh, she worked Maewyn's fingers to the bone! Cooking, cleaning, slopping the pigs. The chores never ended! The only bright spot in Maewyn's life were the occasional letters she'd receive from her mother and her best friend, Leif. But-there was something wrong on the Bridgepost farm. Maewyn wakes with knots in her hair, pumpkins grew with Jack-o-lantern faces, and the hens lay purple eggs!"

76

Voice

Fl.

Pno.



80

Fl.

Pno.



84

Fl.

Pno.



88

Fl.

Pno.

vamp if necessary

8va-----

92

:MAEWYN (age 12) (freely)

Voice

An-oth-er Ha-pen-ny morn - ing — Per-haps the skies will fi - nally clear

Pno.

(8)

96

Voice

An-oth-er Ha-pen-ny morn - ing — When I no long - er live in fear I'll

Pno.

(8)

p

101

Voice

cast a charm to take back — the farm And moth-er will hold me in — her arms — And I'll

Pno.

SAMPLE ONLY

105 **rit.** **a tempo** ♩ = 60

Voice

get my_ well earned_ re- prieve When we tell Gel-bane to up_ and leave On a

Pno.

109 :VILLAGERS :GROUP 2

Voice

Typ-i-cal eve - ry-day Ooh

:GROUP 1

Voice

typ-i-cal eve - ry-day Per-fect in eve ry way_ Ha - pen-ny morn

Pno.

113

Voice

Ha-pen-ny morn - ing_ Ooh

Voice

ing_ When all our trou-ble's in_ the_ past

Pno.

116

Voice

An-oth-er ha-pen-ny morn - ing

Voice

An-oth-er Ha pen-ny morn - ing When all the wedge

Pno.

119

Voice

Ooh And

Voice

— is safe at last — We rev-el as in days of yore —

Pno.

123

Voice

hope that we see man - y more of those typ-i-cal eve - ry-day Ha-pen-ny morn-

Voice

Ooh Of those typ-i-cal eve - ry-day Ha-pen-ny morn-

Pno.

p

mp

127

Voice

ings_____

An-oth-er Ha-pen-ny morn

Voice

ings_____

Pno.

131

Voice

ing_____

rit.

Pno.

8va

134

Voice

:MAEWYN

An - oth - er Ha - pen - ny morn - ing_____

Pno.

(8)